

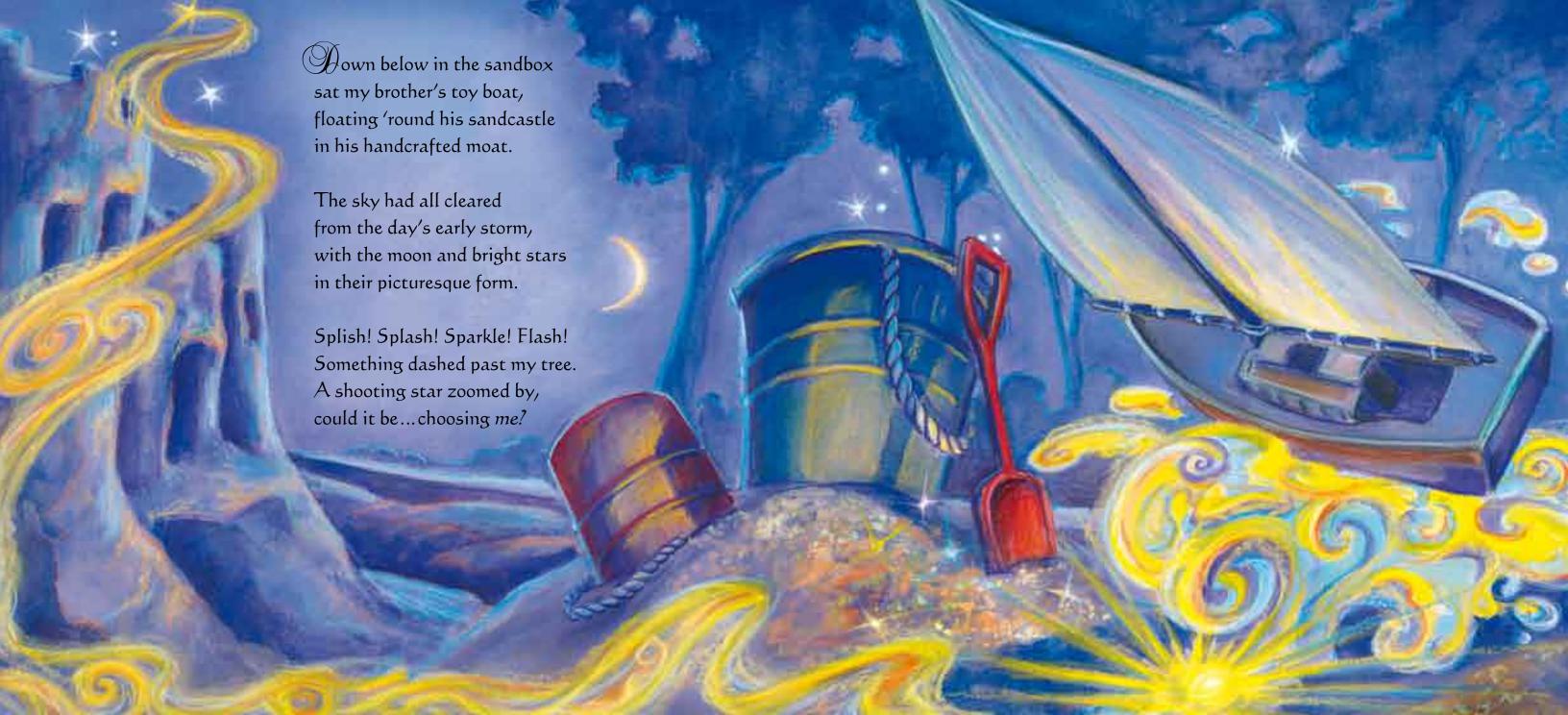
But me, I just sat on the edge of my bed, thinking of boredom, just scratching my head.

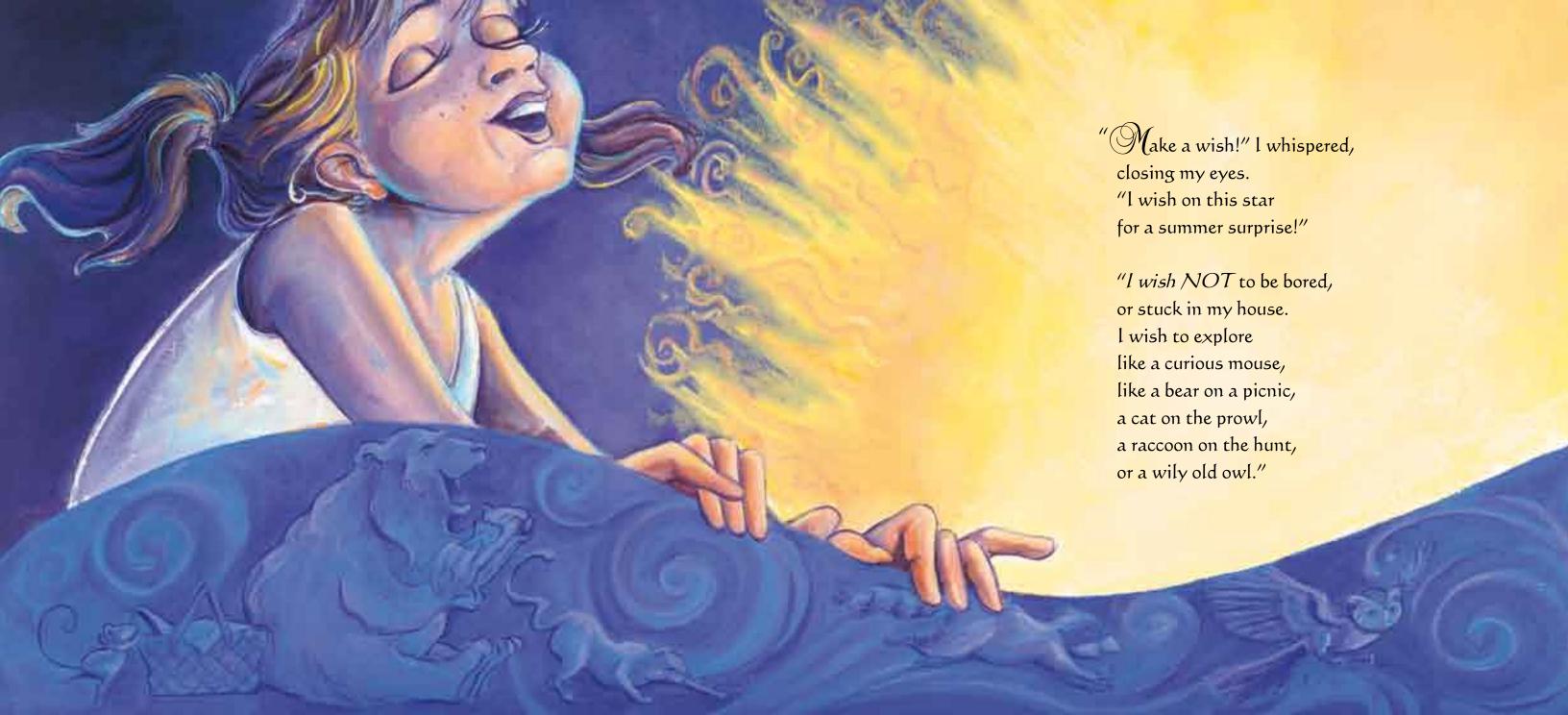
Could it be I'm too old for summertime fun?
Had I lost all my whimsy before summer had begun?

Would my summer drag on? Oh, what would I do? I sat terribly, miserably, gloomy, and blue.









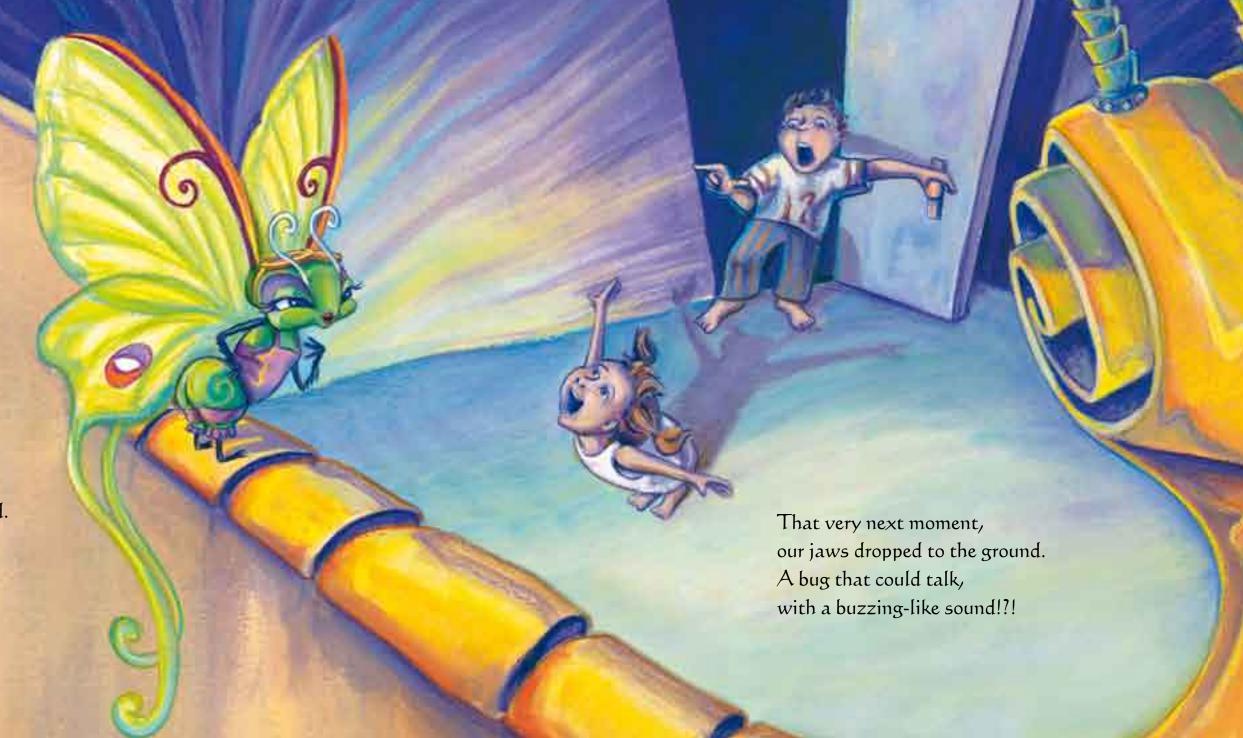


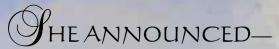
Itanding there at my window was a charming sweet bug with her hands on her hips, and her body quite snug.

My brother barged in with a look of dismay!

"Don't be scared little angels, I'm just Luna Bee May."

"I'm Luna Bee May," she buzzed.
"I'm your wish on a star.
Hear me out if you will,
for I'm not so bizarre."





"If you wish NOT to be bored or stuck in your house.

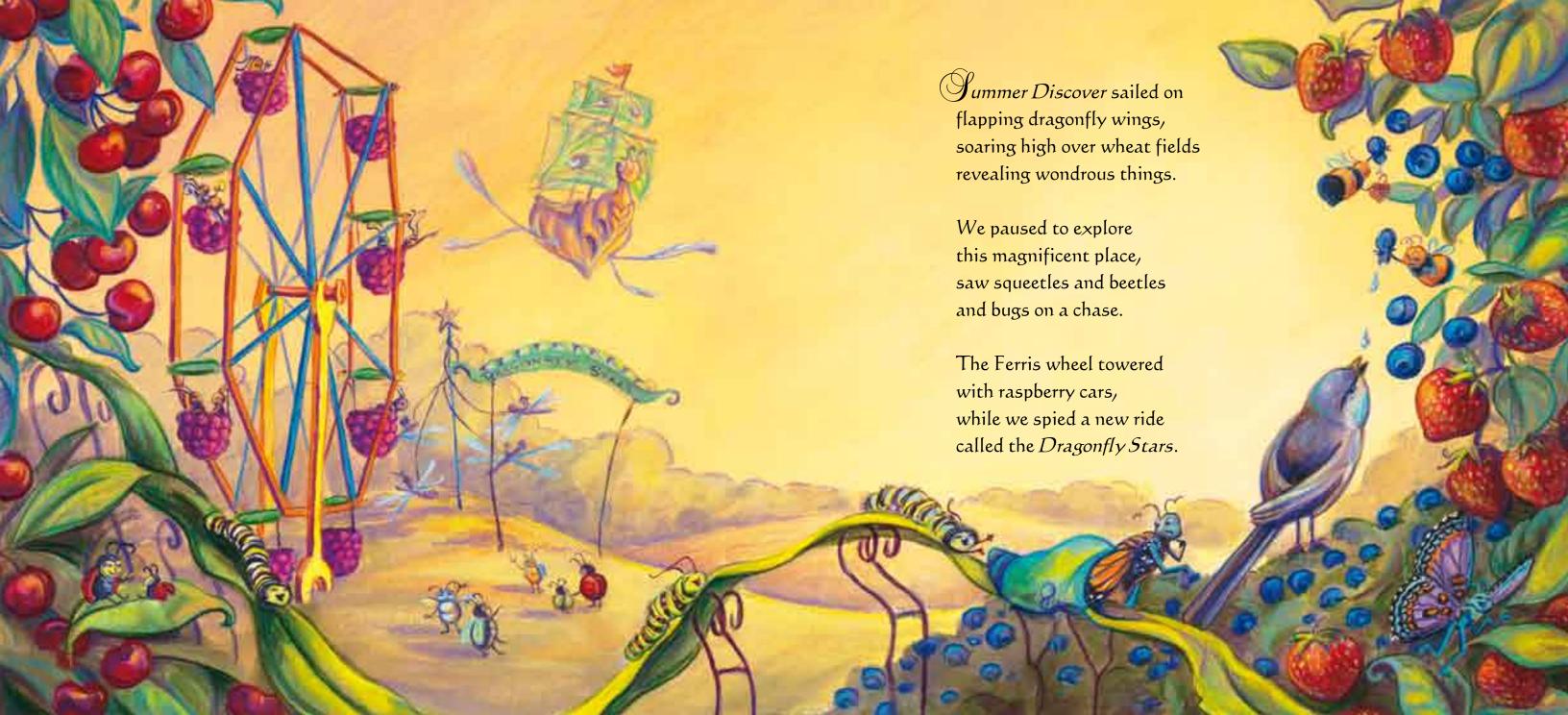
If you wish to explore like a curious mouse, like a bear on a picnic, a cat on the prowl, a raccoon on the hunt, or a wily old owl..."

"... then climb aboard now," said sweet Luna Bee May.
"Climb aboard now
for a grand summer day!"

We looked at each other, in a curious way.
"We'll join your bug ship!"
we said to Luna Bee May.

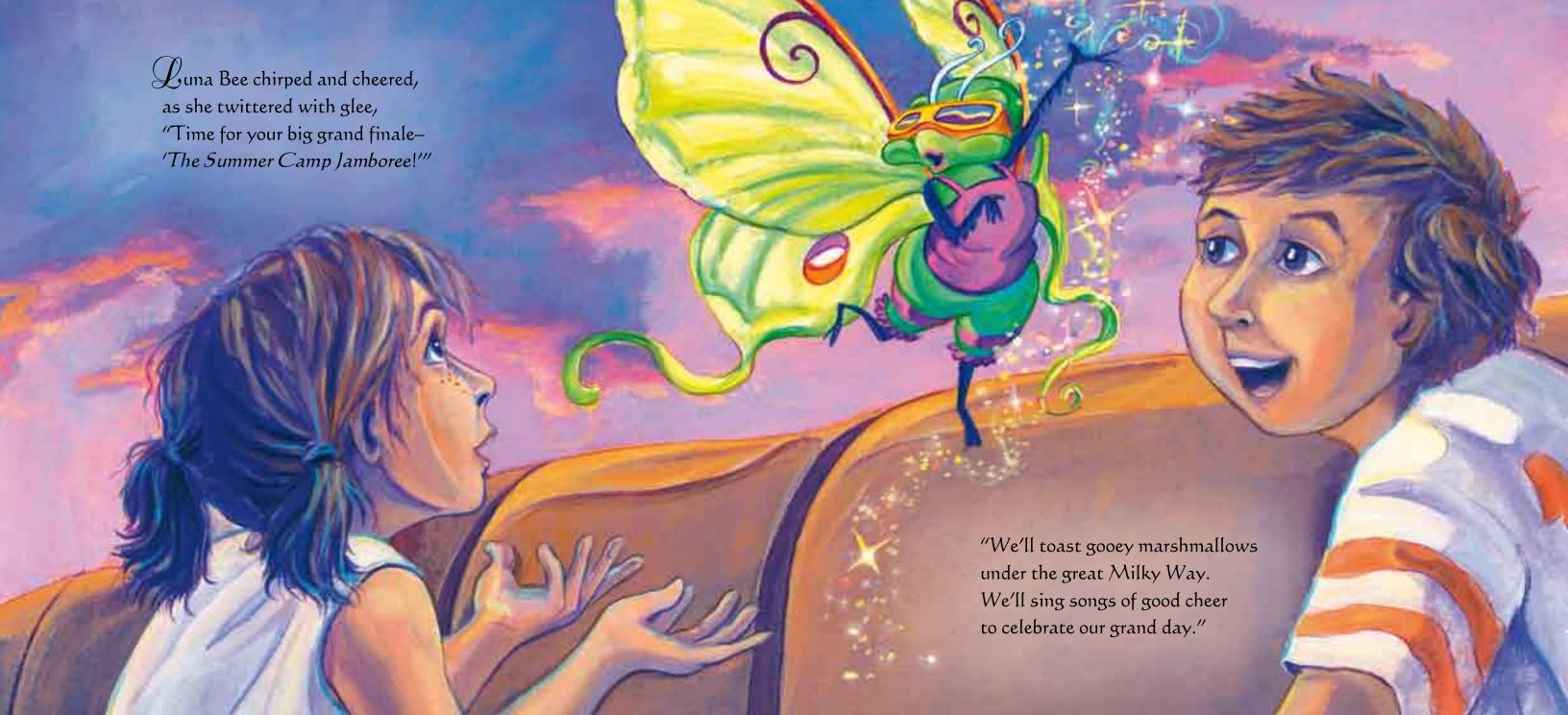














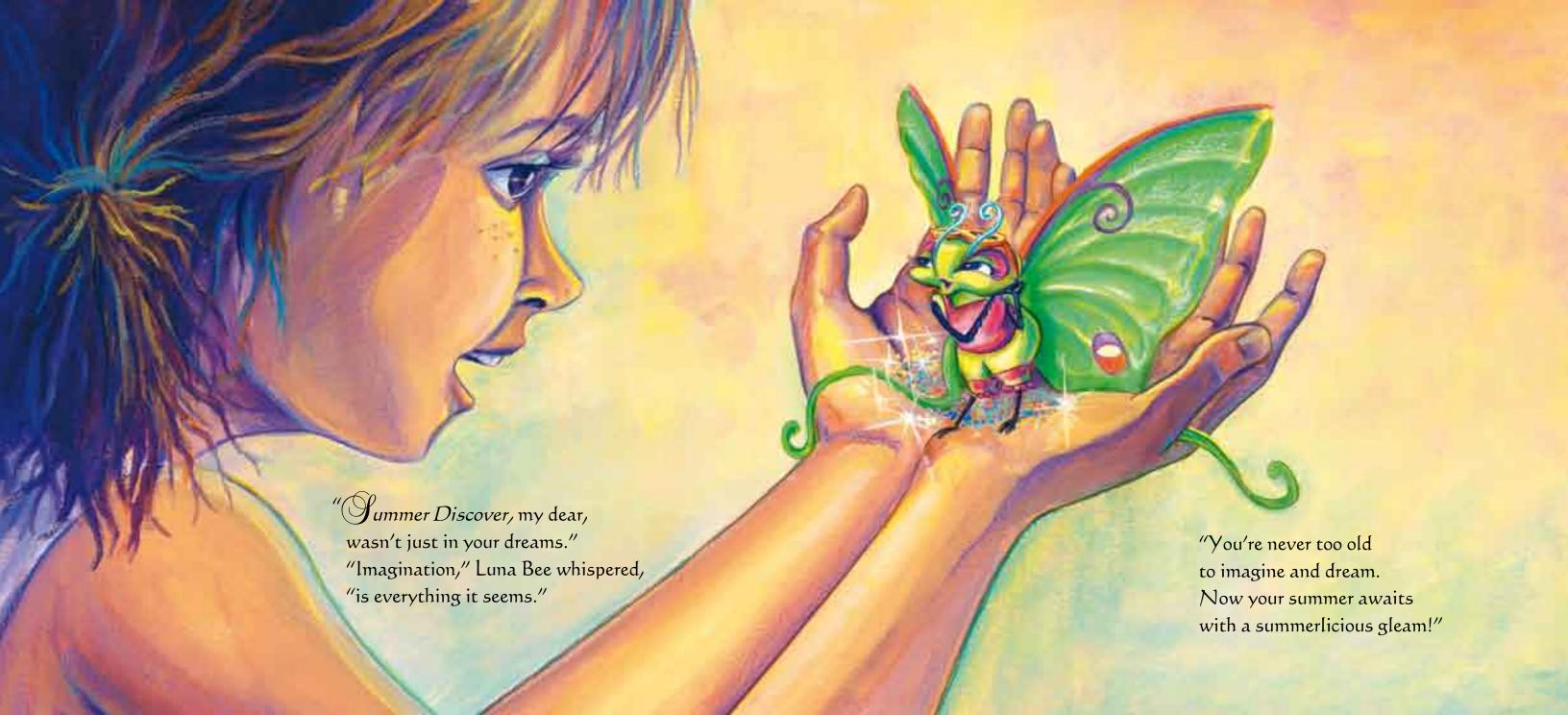


When I awoke the next morning with a stretch and a yawn, magic sand filled my hand, but the bug ship was gone.

"SUMMER SAND!" I screamed,
"sparkling green, pink, and blue!"
Then I saw a slight figure,
"Luna Bee, it is you!"

"I thought I was too old to imagine and dream, but summer can be great, like pie with ice cream."









"In summer, the song sings itself."

William Carlos William

"I'm Luna Bee May," she buzzed.
"I'm your wish on a star. Hear me out if you will, for I'm not so bizarre."





